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SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES

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St. Michael the Archangel

My desk is filled with scores of unanswered letters, some written two or three years ago I'm sure. Well, in an effort to partially answer some of these letters, I've decided to make up a newsletter. Also, for awhile, this may be seconding as a Sunday Bulletin for the several groups of traditional Catholics I'm now serving.

It is going on 8:00 p.m. the eve of St. Michael the Archangel as I'm sitting down to type this out. I'm due to get up about 3:30 tomorrow morning in order to offer Mass and then get to Pueblo in time to catch a 7:30 plane out on my way to Houston, Texas. I'm scheduled to offer Sunday Mass Sept. 30th for some traditional Catholics in the Houston area. They have arranged for the Mass to be said in the ballroom of a hotel. A couple of dedicated and talented young men have made the arrangements. After the Mass I think they plan to show a 45 minute slide presentation contrasting the Novus Ordo Missae (the "New Mass") with the traditional Tridentine Latin Mass. They have also arranged for me to meet with four or five Houston priests who are or might be inclined to espouse the sacred cause of preserving the Tridentine Latin Mass.

Let me go back now and explain a little to some of you who may be reading this with bewilderment what has transpired in the last year or so. In January 1972, Bishop Buswell sent me a letter stating that it may not be possible for him to grant me an assignment in his diocese unless I cooperate and collaborate with him in promoting DATELINE COLORADO, the Bishops' Campaign for Human Development, and in general, the ideals which he is trying to promote. Since most of his ideas appear to be leftwing and un-Catholic, naturally I wasn't about to cooperate with him. In April 1972 the Pastor of St. Mary's parish in Walsenburg, Colorado, where I had been assigned since the fall of 1970, suddenly "fired" me--apparently because I refused to use hosts "consecrated" at the "New Mass" when taking Holy Communion to shut-ins. A few weeks later the Bishop told me I was on my own (a priest in good standing, but without assignment or salary). So, as events would have it, I moved to Westcliffe where I was born in 1942, and moved into my grandparents' home which had been vacant since my dear grandmother's death in 1971. With the aid of a kind traditional Catholic in Colorado Springs, I was able to obtain a bank loan and purchase the house. Really, I don't know of anywhere in the world I'd rather live. Westcliffe is nestled about 8000 feet up in a beautiful mountain valley bordered by the Wet Mountains on the east and by the majestic Sangre de Cristo Mountain range on the west. I suppose there are about 1000 people in the whole valley--about a third of them living in Westcliffe.

Well, I started offering Mass on Sundays in Colorado Springs for a group of rather well-established traditional Catholics. They were always most generous and friendly. Eventually I began offering Mass periodically for groups of Catholics in Denver, Stratton, Durango, Montrose, Pueblo and Windsor, Colorado. Now I have a regular monthly circuit, offering two Masses each Sunday. All this while, I've had a chance to read, study and talk to many people from coast to coast. I'm now convinced the Novus Ordo Missae is a fraud and that both it and Pope Paul VI will one day be anathematized by the Catholic Church.

Perhaps I shouldn't go giving conclusions before I know that most of you who will be reading this are somewhat aware of the facts and premises from which these conclusions and convictions are drawn. Future newsletters or enclosures then, may be necessary to help some of you understand.

In July of this year the John Birch Society staged a ROCKY MOUNTAIN RALLY in Pueblo. Five top-notch speakers informed and delighted several hundred participants. If you have not met or heard Father Francis Fenton, John Schmitz, Jack McManus, Alan Stang, or Charlie Smith, then you still have something exciting, pleasurable, and informing to look forward to. La Rita Quinn was the chairman for the Rally. She and our major Coordinator Don Kennedy, and Coordinator Vance Smith, did most of the work. I helped out a little, though, as the Rally's co-chairman. Hardworking Loren & Colleen Hawkins should have really been recognized as the co-chairmen; they and the Quinns are some of the many people I've gotten to know and admire over the past few years. They are both Birchers and traditional Catholics, and most of the friends I've made in recent years have been one or the other, or both. By the way, Mr. Robert Welch will be one of our speakers at next year's Rally (to be held in Pueblo the last weekend in June).

I'm only going to make this two pages long, then I'm going to get it ready to mail to Mr. Spencer in Colorado Springs and see if he won't get about 500 copies of it run off for me. Eventually then, some of you who have not heard from me in so long will have some bit of news.

To go back a couple years.....When I was in Walsenburg I got to know and make friends with an old fellow who lived all alone, had no known relatives. His home had no running water or electricity. I helped him get running water, and he let me use his place to plant a garden and some flowers. He was a good ol' fellow and I really liked him. Almost the same day I got "fired", he died. I inherited his old, beat-up, 1941 Chevy pickup. Since then I've painted and fixed it up. Now I use it to haul trash, wood, furniture and to get around up in the mountains. When I see it, I often think of old Pete Nardine, and sometimes I bet he looks down from Heaven and has a good laugh at some of the ordeals his old wagon has been put through since he left it behind. By the way, the good folks in Stratton, Colorado Springs and Durango chipped in last year and bought me a 1973 Chevy Impala. It's got about 37,000 miles on it now. Sometimes I wonder how I would have gotten along without it. Traditional priests who stick wholeheartedly with the Faith that has been handed down to them, need not worry about being taken care of.

Oh, my! It's getting late. Sometime I must tell you about the dinosaur finds my parents have been involved in. Last summer (1972) they had a hand in discovering the largest dinosaur yet to be found. They are featured to some extent in a new documentary film and movie, which should be released before long. Also, their picture is in the June issue of READERS' DIGEST, page 51.

Don't forget to pray your Rosary every day!

In Our Lady,
Father Dan Jones
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